

# THE GREAT GAME

By AGNES LOUISE PROVOST

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It was a big day at the race track, and as it was also a holiday, there were at least four thousand men crowding and pushing one another in the pool room.

There were three men among the 4,000 who were vitally interested in each other's movements, but it was not until they came in from the second heat that Mr. William Lyman—address not found in the directory—discovered J. Brownley of the San Francisco detective force standing before the boards, well in front of the crowd and apparently studying the odds with thoughtful eye. It occurred to Mr. Lyman that J. Brownley's other eye was keeping watch on the rear exit.

Mr. Lyman melted away into the crowd like fog before the sunshine, being by nature ever modest and retiring when an official appeared on the landscape. He wriggled his way back until he sighted his friend and co-partner, Mr. Collins, and retired with him from the range of inquisitive eyes.

"Mickey," he mumbled cautiously, "We're pinched."

"Hell!" observed Mr. Collins profanely, staring around him in an unpleasantly suspicious manner.

"Sure thing, Brownley's up in front. He's done up something great, but you can't fool me on Brownley. It's him sure."

Mr. Collins expressed a desire that the immortal part of J. Brownley might be subjected to a roasting process for an indefinite future. Under stress of emotion, Mr. Collins was apt to be vituperative.

"He's followed us all the way from 'Frisco," he grumbled wrathfully, "and three times this month we've just got off with our necks. The only way to get rid of Brownley is to kill him."

"And have the whole U. S. know we did it? Not on your tin-type, Mickey. I don't throw my head away like that. Never kill a man unless you have to. Spose you sneak around front and see if the road's clear for a break."

Mr. Collins worked his way swiftly back to the front entrance and casually looked out. One would have said that he was enjoying the beauty of the cloudless sky, so innocently distant and abstracted was his gaze; certainly no one would have suspected that he saw two men look quickly at him and away.

The two men outside looked at one another, and moved closer. They were in no hurry. J. Brownley's orders were that unless these two shy birds could be captured together at the track, they were to be quietly and cautiously followed to their lairs, and there invited to take up their residence in the nearest police station.

The reasons why Messrs. Lyman and Collins were so greatly in demand were numerous and interesting. These were versatile gentlemen, and if one vocation proved irksome or unhealthful from the legal point of view, they could always pass on to another. They found it convenient to change their occupation frequently, as well as their post office address; it diverted the official mind, and kept it guessing.

Mr. Collins found his partner in a marvellously short time; he was used to it. He shook his head a trifle, which meant that their immediate future was not of an encouraging nature. Mr. Lyman thrust out his under lip in token of his displeasure, as they edged away from their nearest neighbors.

"If we run for it when the crowd goes out to the track, there'll be a million smart Alecks ready to help 'em catch us," he mused discontentedly. "I think they mean to catch us here if they can, or track us down to a good place and nab us. But they don't know that we're onto 'em. We'll fool 'em. We might raise a big row, Mickey, and light out in the racket. We'll stampede the crowd, that's it!"

Mr. Lyman radiated good nature again, as he thought of the mischief at his command.

"Fire!" queried Mr. Collins dubiously.

"M'm, no, Mickey; that's an old gag. We'll do something original. Brownley's in front of the whole bunch—awful reckless to stand in front of a crowd—the other chaps are back of it, and we'll keep about three-quarters back, and save our skins while we lose the other fellows. Chase, Mickey; it's 'most time for the start."

Mr. Collins was not a man of many words, but his little eyes twinkled as Mr. Lyman hastily told him what to do. He wriggled swiftly away, lost himself in the thickest of the crowd and managed to get his brown derby knocked off. When he came up from searching for it in the press, several feet from where he had been, he had in his hand a large and rakish light felt, which he tilted well over one eye. He was now ready for business, and if there were any investigating gentlemen craning their necks to see a man in a brown derby, they missed him.

Then Lyman caught Collins' eye over the heads of a dozen or more men, and pulled out a huge roll of bills which ran into the thousands, fluttering them over with the air of a man who has plenty more, and will risk the whole business with all the pleasure in the world. He turned his back deliberately upon Collins, who edged his way toward him, watching him with sharp but furtive eyes.

A swift hand shot toward the roll of bills, but Lyman was ready for it. His

revolver flashed out as he whirled around and faced the dodging Collins; the hand with the bills was crammed safely in his pocket.

"Look out in front!" he yelled, leveling the weapon at Collins' head, and a score of men in the line of his aim melted away with warning shouts and jammed against those in front. Only 20, certainly no more, but the mischief was done. It was marvelous how slight a thing may set a great crowd in motion.

Up at the front Brownley turned in surprise as he heard a roar behind him. Four thousand men, not more than 20 of whom knew the cause for their flight, were bearing down on him in a howling, fear-stricken mob, sweeping toward the rear exits. The pool room was not as lavishly provided with exits as the more modern structures, and a mob there was a thing to flee from.

There was but one thing to do, and that was to run for life or death in the same direction. Even as he ran Brownley saw men piling on each other in layers in their frantic efforts to jump from the windows, but he shot past them for the broader exit ahead and felt himself whizzing dizzily through the air as he took a flying jump into the back enclosure and landed on all fours on something soft and struggling—a German of vast circumference, who swore frightfully at the concussion. A pain shot through Brownley's foot, but he rolled swiftly to one side, just as the pushing, struggling mass poured out on the ground.

It was over in three minutes, and men rushed from all sides to disentangle the heaped-up mass of humanity. Many picked themselves up and limped off, disheveled and cursing, but some had to be lifted carefully, with broken ribs and legs, and bleeding faces, and above and around there was a babel of excited questions. Rolls of money had disappeared in the rush, watches were lost and hats gone, but no one knew what had happened.

Later, some of the few who had seen it told how slight a matter had started a great stampede, and J. Brownley swore to himself as he went

through the streets in an ambulance, with a leg and ankle that would lay him up for weeks to come, and 10,000 bruises distributed impartially over his person, but Messrs. William Lyman and M. Collins were far away, speeding through the land in a Pullman car and drinking cool drinks.

Even J. Brownley and his exasperated aids did not guess that they had done this thing.

"It was a great game," sighed Mr. Collins, contentedly, tapping his glass with his finger and noting with dreamy satisfaction that their nearest fellow-traveler was three chairs away. "It was the slickest thing I've seen this season, and there was lots of money dropped or pinched in the shuffle. I went in with the crowd, Billy, and I made some fair pickings myself."

"So did I," admitted Mr. Lyman, with a reminiscent chuckle. "We've made the haul of our lives this day, and if Brownley wasn't killed, it'll take him all summer to piece himself together again. It certainly was a great game, Mickey. We'll work it again."

All Right and Regular.

Neighbor—I've some awful bad news to tell ye, Mrs. Tubbs. Y'r husband was blowed up in the dynamite explosion this mornin', and y'r family doctor, who was talkin' to him at the time, got blowed up, too.

Mrs. Tubbs—Dearie me! Well, I'm glad the doctor was with him, 'cause now there won't need to be no inquest. —New York Weekly.

A Paying Profession. Mr. Million—H'm! Want to marry my daughter? Newspaper reporter, I understand. I never heard of a newspaper reporter getting rich.

Mr. Quickpen—Oh, there are plenty of lucky reporters. I know a dozen who have married heiresses. —New York Weekly.

Corking Fishing. Yeast—How was the fishing up in the country?

Crimsonbeak—Corking! I never killed so many worms in my life!

To be ignorant of one's ignorance is the malady of ignorance. —Sprits.

## CLOCK 240 YEARS OLD.

Old Heirloom Now Property of Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh.

Pittsburg, Pa.—A curiosity which attracted great interest in the collection of curios at the Carnegie museum during the sesqui-centennial celebration is a clock of the "grandfather" type, so perfectly preserved that it appeared almost like a masterpiece from a modern clockmaker's shop. But it is really



Old Clock as It Looks To-Day.

240 or more years old, and it was only by approaching it closely that observers could detect evidences of the weight of years bearing on the finely-colored mahogany. A close look at the dial would also indicate it was fabricated very many years ago, but at a casual glance it appeared almost like a product of today. This is due to a work of careful restoration which is wonderful in its way.

Only a few months ago the clock was a wreck, badly battered by the same old Father Time whose doings it was wont to record. Then it was the property, descended to him through two preceding generations, of G. F. Muller of Sewickley, Joseph F. Taylor, an expert in clocks, who lives at Elmworth, heard of the ancient and useless, save as a relic, clock, and procured it. At the end of five months' patient and persevering work Mr. Taylor had the old timepiece in the perfect state of restoration that won it approving comments at the sesqui-centennial collection.

## CONFIRM ENVOY'S RESIGNATION.

Mexican Ambassador to United States Quits Office.

Mexico City.—The Mexican foreign office has confirmed the resignation of Enrique C. Creel as ambassador to



Enrique C. Creel.

the United States. Senor Creel for some time past has held the double post of governor of the state of Chihuahua and ambassador at Washington, and he now desires to devote all his attention to the former office. His successor to the post at Washington, which is the highest in the Mexican diplomatic service, has not yet been decided.

It is rumored here that the real reason for Ambassador Creel's resignation is that he will enter the Diaz cabinet as minister of government, colonization and industry, in succession to Olegario Mallina, whose anti-American attitude in the matter of the mining law regarding concessions is said to have displeased President Diaz. Senor Creel is pronounced "American."

A modest woman knows that it is often not her accused beauty, but her accused plaudet, that makes men stare after her so interestedly.

## LAMENT FOR CHANGED TIMES.

Adoniram Corntop Discourses on Present-Day Extravagance.

"Yes, siree, Bill, times is changed since you an' me was doin' our courtin'," said Adoniram Corntop, with a note of sadness in his voice, to old Andy Clover, who had come over to "set a spell."

"When we was doin' our courtin', Andy, a gal thought she was belin' treated right handsome if a feller bought her ten cents' worth of peppermints once in awhile, an' if he tuk her to any doin's in town she didn't expect him to go down into his jeans to the tune of a dollar or two fer ice cream an' soda water an' candy at forty cents a pound. My son Si tuk his ducky-doodle to the band concert in town yistiday an' there wa'n't a quarter left of a dollar bill he struck me fer time he got home. Beats all the way young folks throw the money away now-a-days. I tell ye times is changed mighty since we was boys, an' the Lawd only knows what the end will be with a feller layin' out 75 cents on a gal in one day." —Puck.

## LIVED ON TEN CENTS A WEEK.

Bill Doolittle's System a Good One, But Not Attractive.

"D'y'u find smoking hurts y'u?" asks Hi Biddle, a Yankee lawyer, in Willie Brook's story, "The Solar Machine," in Harper's.

"It probably doesn't do me any good," I said; "but I'd have trouble quitting it."

"No, y'u wouldn't. Smoke this." He took from his vest pocket the fellow to the stogie in his mouth and tossed it across the table to me. "Ever hear how Bill Doolittle lived on ten cents a week?"

I confessed that Bill's economies had never been brought to my attention.

"Wal," said Biddle, "he took dinner with a friend on Sunday, an' ate enough to last 'im till Wednesday. Then he bought ten cents' worth o' tripe, an' he hated tripe so like thunder that it lasted 'im the rest o' the week. These seagars work a good deal like that tripe. You take to smokin' 'em, an' y'u won't want more'n one or two a day."

## 15 YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Burning, Painful Sores on Legs—Tortured Day and Night—Tried Many Remedies to No Avail—Cured by Cuticura.

"After an attack of rheumatism, running sores broke out on my husband's legs, from below the knees to the ankles. There are no words to tell all the discomforts and great suffering he had to endure night and day. He used every kind of remedy and three physicians treated him, one after the other, without any good results whatever. One day I ordered some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent. He began to use them and in three weeks all the sores were dried up. The burning fire stopped, and the pains became bearable. After three months he was quite well. I can prove this testimonial at any time. Mrs. V. V. Albert, Upper Frenchville, Me., July 21, 1907."

## LOCATED.



"Goodness, sonny, are you in pain?" "Naw, the pain's in me—boo-hoo!"

## \$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## Big South African Industry.

Next to mining, the greatest industry of South Africa is sugar growing. The amount of money invested in this is \$7,300,000. The production of the present year is estimated at 40,000 tons, with a valuation of about \$63 a ton.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

When a man lets the wind blow all the shingles off his house he talks of the strange ways of Providence.

Put new shoes on the youngsters. Look at them in a week.

They're usually battered, scraped, almost shapeless. Get a pair of Buster Brown Shoes.

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White House Shoes for grown-ups. Ask your dealer for them.

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## A Cure.

The sinner walked along the rocky road, his bare feet torn and bleeding from bruises and wounds. He met a stranger.

"Friend," he exclaimed, "I have sinned and done wrong. I must patiently suffer the most extreme agony to save myself from eternal damnation. Can you tell me some supreme test of repentance?"

"Certainly," answered the other, with an air of experience. "Go to a boarding house and live there for a year."

## Appropriate Name.

It is said that the Swedish mineralogist who discovered tantalum gave it that name because of the tantalizing difficulties encountered in investigating it.

Stealing time from sleep is a poor way to beat it.



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